THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

VOL. 6. OCTOBER, 1857. NO. 10.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY IN NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, CINCINNATI, AND NEW ORLEANS.

For The Child's Paper.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A cloudy morning often ushers in a fine day, and disappointments in early years are often followed by a life of happiness and prosperity.

Long ago, about two hundred and sixty years, a poor lad of seventeen was seen travelling on foot in England. He carries over his shoulder, at the end of a stick, all the clothing he has in the world, and has in his pocket an old leather purse, with a few pieces of money given him by his mother when, with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took her leave of him on the road a short distance from their own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of poor but honest and pious parents, small farmers in a village called Ugborough. John had six brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to labor hard on the farm for a living. He was a pious lad, and at fourteen used to assist the parish clerk in singing and other parts of divine worship. When the old clerk died, John hoped to fill his place; but being disappointed in this, with the consent of his parents he set out to get a living elsewhere.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful cathedral and in the bookseller's windows, a strong desire sprung up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once he set off for the university of Oxford, a distance of some two hundred miles, walking the whole weary way. At night he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a haystack; he lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arrived in the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out and very dusty, his feet sore, and his spirits depressed, he knew not what to do. He had heard of Exeter college in Oxford, and thither he went, and to his great delight was engaged by the cook as a "scullion," that is, to carry coal into the kitchen, to clean pans and kettles, and do that kind of work.

You see him here scouring his pans and at the same time reading a book. His studious habits soon attracted the attention of the authorities, who admitted him into the college as a poor scholar, providing for all his wants. He studied hard, and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great eminence as a scholar, was very useful as a minister of Christ, and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a "great scholar," but a pious bishop. Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say, "If I had been parish clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been bishop of Worcester."

LITTLE GIRLS IN TURKEY.

Do you know about the little girls in Turkey? There are no schools for them. Boys go to school; but the girls are never taught to read, and the missionaries find it very hard to persuade their mothers to let them learn. Girls are married as early as eleven. The poor child is then carried to the house of her father-in-law, where she is never allowed to speak to any man in the family except to her husband in private; and so she grows up like a dumb slave. Sometimes a woman lives for thirty years in the house of her father-in-law, and during the whole time has never spoken a word to him, or to her husband's brothers. The males and females sit, eat, and receive company in different rooms. It is even considered a shame for a man and his wife to sit down together to read the word of God, if other members of the family are about.

"I suppose this is among the heathen," you say. No; it is among Mohammedans, and some who call themselves Christians. But their Christianity is not a Bible Christianity; it is made up of forms and foolish ceremonies. It is Bible Christianity which gives us our pleasant homes, where fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters mingle together in happy affection, helping each other to be useful and intelligent, sharing each other's burdens, and honoring God by rightly fulfilling the duties of the family relation.

It is gratifying to notice how extensively articles written for The Child's Paper are copied into other papers for the benefit of the young. We took up a paper the other day, and found in it four of our best articles.

For The Child's Paper.

THE THICK BOOTS, OR WHAT TO GIVE.

Mr. Van Meter of the Five Points mission in New York came into Massachusetts, and how he interested our children in *his* children, the poor little homeless ones whom he is trying to find homes for at the west.

The Five Points is a very wicked place in New York city. Bad people of all sorts gathered there—thieves, drunkards, gamblers, blackguards. They had no church, no schools, no Bibles, and they drove away the Sabbath. God's name was only taken in vain. You may suppose what the children of such a place would be. Many of them lived in cellars, and were nursed in dirt. Did nobody go to do them good? No, not for a long while. People were afraid to go among these filthy dens.

A few years ago some pious women said, "Can't we save the Five Points *children?* Shall we let them grow up thieves and robbers?" People said, "You can't do any thing *there;* it's the worst place in the world. Your very *life* is in danger at the Five Points." But these good women did not believe it was beyond the pitying eye of the Lord Jesus, and they said they were not afraid to go in his name to save those which he came to save. So they went; and the sights they saw I should not like to put on paper. The first thing was to hire a room to hold a prayer-meeting. "A prayer-meeting at the Five Points! Better try to hold a prayer meeting in hell!" said one man. These good women thought otherwise. They rather try at the Five Points; and after a great deal of trouble, they hired a room in an old groggery. Oh, how it had to be scrubbed to get rid of the filth. They had a meeting, and invited the people in. There was a groggery on one side, and a negro dance on the other; but they sung and prayed. Such sounds never went up from the spot before. The whole thing proves a good illustration of *try.*

What has been done? The worst den of robbers has been broken up, grog-shops have lost their miserable customers, schools have been opened, a chapel is built, houses have been scoured out, and new, clean houses been made; and the best of all, hundreds of poor orphans, or children worse than orphans, poor beggars, have been sent out of the wicked city to farm-houses at the west. And this desert of sin has now many a tree of the Lord planted there.

Mr. Van Meter, a gentleman engaged in this mission, preached to us about it. He told us what he was doing, and what he wanted. He wanted clothing of all sorts—hats, shoes, jackets, dresses; and he begged the children to help him.

"Oh, mother, what shall we give?" was the cry of the children when they came home. "Cast-off clothing, I suppose," said aunt Sarah. "I shall not give my cast-off things," said Henry; "I shall give what is worth something." "Never mind," said mother; "go to bed now, and we will talk about it to-morrow morning." The next morning the children had not slept away their interest in the Five Points. "What, mother?" was the first and main question of the day. And such a ransacking of drawers Monday morning seldom sees. "Mother, may I give these?" asked Henry, poking a pair of thick boots up in his mother's face. "Your new boots?" cried aunt Sarah. "Of course mother wont let you," said his elder brother Josiah. "Shall you not want them?" asked his mother. "You know you can't have another pair for some time." "Yes, mother, I shall want them; but does not some poor child want them more? I don't want only to give away my old things; I want to *share* with the poor some of my good things; that's the way, the minister says." "What will *you* do?" asked his sister. "Oh, I mean to live on the go-without-myself principle. I don't expect father to give me a new pair till my turn comes," said Henry. "May I give them to Mr. Van Meter, mother?" The mother gave her leave. And I am sure they will make some poor little barefoot very thankful.

A fortnight or so after this, a storm came on, when boots were in demand. "Now, Henry, don't you wish you had your new thick boots?" asked Josiah. "No," said Henry, drawing on his well-patched old ones. "This weather makes me think of them; and I am glad I have given that which makes me keep remembering the poor children of the Five Points mission. In the sermon our minister once preached, he said we must give that which *costs* us something; I suppose, to make us remember. I think oftener about them, and if I ever go to New York, I will go there."

"Well, I almost forget about them," said Josiah. What did Josiah give? Nothing. L.

For The Child's Paper.

MIDNIGHT SUN.

We told you in the last paper of a day without a sun; now let me tell you of a day without a night—twenty-four hours of daylight; what do you think of that?

Let us go to Hammenfest. Where is that? It is in Norway, and the most northerly town in Europe, seventy degrees of north latitude. The same latitude in America is a region of perpetual snow, where nobody can live except a few poor Esquimaux. This is a town of about twelve hundred inhabitants, with a large trade in cod and fish oil. The famous cod-liver oil is made here.

The great object of every traveller in visiting Hammenfest, besides seeing the arctic town, is to get a view of the midnight sun. "So we soon started," says Mr. Brace, an American gentleman who went there last summer, "ladies and all, to climb the hill beyond the town. There was something singularly fascinating in this strolling off at midnight in broad daylight. The ladies were helped along in part over the snow, and then over the springing beautiful moss, till we stood on the top. The sun was just setting, that is, approaching the mountains on the north; but contrary to my expectation, the light was not at all the warm light of sunset, but rather that of morning. Hammenfest lay below, hid from the south by a rocky point, now beautifully green, and marked by the crosses of the graveyard laid out among the rocks. No tree, or shrub, or garden-bed was to be anywhere seen, though beneath our feet on the rugged cliff bloomed flowers so exquisite as no gardener's art has produced them—even the dwarf larch has ceased to grow, except in the deepest valleys.

"The wind began to blow from the north, and we were afraid that the clouds, which already half covered the setting sun, might altogether hide from us the morning sun. To us weak modern men, the Norwegian north winds are no joke.

"'It's just five minutes of twelve. We sha'n't see it.' 'There it is above. See the line of sunshine come down the mountain. We shall have it soon.' There were a few minutes of doubt, when it burst splendidly forth below the cloud. The rising sun—the midnight sun! It was a splendid sight, the rays lighting up distant snowy mountains, shining back from peak to peak far away, majestically rising and clearing away what a moment before had been the clouds of evening, but were now the mists of morning. The light too was a different one, at least so we thought it—purer, clearer, fresher.

"We then clambered down the hill under the full morning sunlight to the village. It was half-past one as we walked through the streets, but people seemed just as much up and stirring as in the day; children were playing in the streets and women sewing at the windows. 'Certainly nobody sleeps in Norway,' we said."

For The Child's Paper

LITTLE RENNIE.

In the little village school which I attended in my childhood, there was one colored child, and only one. Being a round-faced, bright-eyed little thing, she was rather a pet among us. But in all schools there are some vicious, ill-tempered children, and ours was not exempt. One boy in particular seemed to take delight in tormenting every thing within his reach, whether it was a shy cat, a stray dog or chicken, or a helpless child. Little Rennie soon became the mark for his coarse and brutal jokes; and I am sorry to say a good many boys and girls, not bad-tempered themselves, would laugh at his abuse. It was thoughtlessness and love of fun in them, but it was none the less torture to Rennie's sensitive little heart.

One day when he had been more teazing than usual during recess, little Rennie came to two of us older girls as we were sitting under a tree. The great tears were rolling down her cheeks, and her breast heaved with convulsive sobs. When she could speak, she said, "Oh, Mary Lee, if I were to have my skin all taken off, would it come out white? If I could only be a white girl, I would have it all taken off, I would, I would," she added, with a fresh burst of tears.

"Why, what has made you feel so bad?" asked Mary Lee in her kind voice.

"John Jones says I shall be a black nigger as long as I live, and that every body will laugh at me, and call me black Quashie, and I don't want to be black all my life; I want to be white like you."

As the bell had just called us to return to school, we took Rennie's little brown hand in ours, begged her not to cry, and assured her that we loved her, and always should if she was a good little girl. The tears of childhood are soon dried, and by noon Rennie's face was as bright as ever.

It was the happiness of this dear child early to seek and obtain the white robe of the Saviour's righteousness by faith in him.

Ten years after this, one summer afternoon, Mary Lee, now grown into a kind-hearted woman, called for me to go with her and see Rennie. It was a long dusty walk, but in time we reached the dwelling in which poor Rennie lay prostrated by sickness. Her eyes lighted up with pleasure as we entered. She had learned to love Jesus in health, and now his presence filled her soul with peace and joy. She knew she could not live long; but her trust in Him led her to look hopefully into the future. We felt that Rennie was about to join the blessed ones before God's throne, and looked upon her as one happier and better than ourselves. She asked me to read a chapter to her, and Mary Lee sang that delightful hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and we came away.

"Do you remember," said Mary Lee, as we walked homeward with hearts softened by the scene, "how Rennie wished she could be white one day at school?" "Yes," I said, "I was just thinking of it." "And now," said Mary Lee, "she will be a bright, beautiful spirit in heaven, and wear the white robe of the redeemed. Oh, of how little consequence does the color of the skin seem now. I wish I were half as sure of being a child of God as Rennie is."

The next morning Rennie had gone to be with Jesus. B.

For The Child's Paper.

MOUNT SINAI.

Should you not like to visit Mount Sinai? Oh yes; for there God spoke to Moses. Before I tell you about it, find mount Sinai on the map. It is in the north-western part of Arabia. Now find Cairo in Egypt, for we will start from Cairo. The mountain is ten days' travel from that city. Here we must hire camels to carry our tents, beds, food, and water. What food shall we take? Biscuit,

rice, dates, oranges, perhaps a leg of roasted mutton, and two skins of Nile water.

Soon after leaving Cairo, the traveller plunges into the desert. He sees nothing, day after day, but sand, bare rocks, a few scrubby trees, with now and then patches of coarse grass. It is a wilderness; the same wilderness which the children of Israel travelled when they fled from king Pharaoh. On, on, on the traveller goes. There is one thing which delights his eye. It is a spring of water which he occasionally meets with. The camels scent the water afar off; the scent spurs them forward, and they are fairly on a gallop to reach it. Here men and beasts drink together, and the water-skins are refilled.

By and by, through the opening rocks, you descry a mountain peak. It is Sinai, the very spot where God gave the ten commandments. How lonely and desolate it looks. Yet a little way up on one side there is a great building. It is surrounded by high stone walls, and looks more like a fortress than any thing else. What is it? It is a convent. It is not inhabited by soldiers, but by peaceful monks of the Greek church. As you look, you see it has no doors; there is something which looks like a door thirty feet from the ground, but there are no steps leading to it. Can that be a door? We will see. We shout for somebody to come and let us in. Presently a white head pokes itself out from a hole in the wall, and asks what we want. We are Christian travellers come a long way to see him. A rope is then let down. We tie ourselves on it, and are drawn up to an iron door, where an old monk gives us a hearty welcome. So we go up, luggage and all. Besides this odd way of entering the convent, there is an underground passage leading into the garden. All this caution is necessary on account of Arab robbers. But the robbers are quiet now. The monks pay them twenty-five hundred loaves of bread a year to keep the peace.

There are about thirty monks in the convent. They wear long beards, and sleep on mats. Their table is a long naked board, with dishes of metal, wooden spoons, and drinking cups like a porringer. The table was spread with beans, dates, olives, and bread. There was no cheerful talk at their meals. These monks think they lead a very holy life in the desert. They eat no meat, and they rise in the night to pray in their chapel. But God does not care for such service as this. He never commanded men to shut themselves up in a desert, but rather to do good in the world. The monks say they know the place where the burning bush once stood. They lead the way to the chapel, and taking off their shoes, go down some steps till they come to a round room underground with three lamps burning in the middle of it. "Here," they say, "is the very spot where the burning bush stood." Ah, they only pretend to know.

There are two things to enjoy at the convent—a beautiful garden full of trees and flowers, and cool pure water from the well. Beyond the garden wall you can climb the naked peaks of Sinai. The monks have cut steps in the rock a great way up. One peak is called Horeb. Here is a large old cypress-tree planted by a monk many hundred years ago. There is no other tree, or shrub, or any green thing to please the eye.

On the top of mount Sinai is a high jagged rock. Here, they say, God spoke to Moses. But nobody can tell the exact spot. We only know that there were once "thunderings and lightnings and a thick cloud on the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that were in the camp trembled. And the Lord came down on mount Sinai, on the top of the mount; and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up." Do you remember how long he stayed there, and what he brought down; and how he looked when he came back?

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Rev. 20: 11, 12, 15.

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." Matt. 25: 31–34, 41, 46.

For The Child's Paper.

GUANO ISLANDS.

Is this bird land? It looks so. It is a picture of the Chincha islands, where guano comes from. Does any body ask what guano is? It is bird manure. Several lonely islands in the Pacific, which have long been the homes of the wild birds, are covered with it. The Chinchas are the most famous. They are three islands lying fourteen miles off the coast of Peru; neither is more than a mile across. They are huge rocks heaved up from the ocean, in some places two hundred feet high; the sides are steep and full of caves. They are covered with nothing but guano, which lies upon the rocks as if it had been sifted upon them in rounded hills. Bamboo shanties for the laborers and overseers dot the slopes; the floors are carpeted with it; it blows through and through everywhere; your books, clothing, every thing is yellow with it.

"After climbing up a rickety ladder, hanging down a steep rock one hundred and forty feet high," said a gentleman who paid them a visit, "I found myself on the Chincha islands among an odd group of pigs, babies, mules, women, goats, horses, Africans, Chinese, buzzards, railroad trucks, cane huts, and cooking, all mixed up in one mass, as all belonging to one family." The guano is dug from the hills, and wheeled to the edge of the cliffs, where it is emptied through canvas pipes into the vessels moored below. When a ship is loading, she is in a complete smother, as if ashes were poured upon her from one hundred and fifty feet overhead. The rocks are bristling with pelicans, and the divers and guano birds are countless. Six acres are sometimes seen covered with birds, the white in one regiment and the blue in another, like the divisions of a great army.

The guano is dug by Chinese coolies or laborers, and brought to us by ships. The poor fellows are made to believe they are going to do well by engaging to serve for five years at a York shilling a day and a mess of rice. They work almost naked, under a hot sun, where it never rains. The labor is severe. On the middle island they are stinted to dig from the hill and wheel away, each one, the strong and the weak, five tons a day; and they have no days of rest: Sunday as well as week-days it is work, work, under the whip of an overseer. They look unhappy, as well they may. Many throw themselves over the cliffs into the sea and drown; great numbers die; but as fast as their numbers thin out, others are brought over. There are about eight hundred on the islands, and two hundred vessels are often at anchor round the islands, loading or waiting their turn.

For hundreds of years the birdies peacefully nestled in these distant islands of the sea. The sun shone on them; the cool waters played around them. At last men came, and good and evil followed in their track. The guano trade was opened, giving employment to ships and sailors, and enriching your field and mine with a new manure. It is carried on by oppression, unpaid toil, and over-tasked bodies. Ah, I am afraid they forget there is One who says, "He shall judge the poor, and shall break in pieces the oppressor."

For The Child's Paper.

MAGGIE TURNED INTO A HUMBLE-BEE.

Little Maggie and her mother came from the city to farmer Smith's. Farmer Smith was Maggie's mother's uncle, and was therefore great uncle to Maggie. He was very glad to see Maggie and her mother. It was a beautiful farm. The house was not as fine as Maggie's father's house in the city, therefore she was proud of *her* house, and did not properly value the comforts of the farm-house. One day she took a walk around the farm and in the fields with her mother, farmer Smith, and some of his grandchildren.

A trout was swimming in the trout-brook, a spider was busy spinning his web, a flower was making honey, a hen was laying her eggs, and a bird was flying overhead from tree to tree.

"Can you swim like a fish, Maggie?" asked farmer Smith. "No," answered little Maggie, "I am sure I cannot." "Can you spin like a spider?" asked farmer Smith. "No," answered Maggie, "nobody can spin just like a spider." "Can you lay eggs like a hen?" asked farmer Smith. "I guess I can't," answered Maggie, laughing at the queer idea. "Can you make honey like the clover?" "I wish I could, but I can't," said Maggie. "Can you fly like a bird, Maggie?" "No, indeed," cried Maggie. "Can you hiss like a goose, Maggie?" asked her mother. Maggie did not know but she could do that; so she tried to hiss, hiss, hiss.

"Well, Maggie," said her mother, "if you cannot spin like a spider, or make honey like a clover, or swim like a fish, or fly like a bird, or lay eggs like a hen, but can only hiss like a goose, I am sure it becomes you to be very humble, for the trout, the honeysuckle, the hen, the spider, and the bird are all in some respects greatly superior to you."

Maggie looked as if she did not expect quite such a turn to the talk. It was a good turn, as it taught a good little lesson in humility, which people are apt enough not to think of. Maggie saw it was, for she looked up to her mother, and said, "But, mamma, you have turned me into a *humblebee*."

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

For The Child's Paper.

The orchard you saw in the sweet month of May,
When a cluster of blossoms hung on each spray;
Nor could you scarce find a little bare twig
But had on its head a little white wig.

The blossoms fell off, but they left something there
To grow by and by into apple or pear;
They were left to be nursed by Sunshine and Rain,
And the pretty rough blows of old Hurricane.

The birds built their nests and sang songs overhead,
While they grew, and they grew, rich, round, ripe, and red.
Oh, come to the orchard; I'll climb a high tree,
And pour in your lap from our horn of plenty.

For The Child's Paper.

AN INFANT'S PRAYER.

A little child hearing his elder brother repeat an evening prayer at his mother's knee, signified a desire to pray also, and kneeling down, he clasped his little hands, and looking upward, exclaimed, "God—Eddie—Amen."

On bended knee an infant lisped
The mighty name of God;
Approaching him with filial trust
And yet by reverence awed.

Then his own simple name he called,
His notice thus to claim;
But paused, because his childish lips
Could no petition frame.

"Amen" at last he softly said,
As though 't were now complete;
And doubtless in his Maker's ear
Those syllables were sweet.

From "wise and prudent" He doth hide
The counsel of his ways,
While even from the mouth of babes
Hath he perfected praise.

Three simple words of love and trust
Comprised the infant's prayer;
And yet the Majesty of heaven
Inclined a gracious ear.

Oh thus, when oft with hearts too full
To utter all our need,
We kneel before the throne of grace,
And have no words to plead,

May we believe, though language fail,
That God will surely bless,
If, like a little child, we come
And own his sovereign grace.

For The Child's Paper.

THE KIND PHYSICIAN.

After Jesus finished his sermon on the mountain, he came down. But the people were not tired; they did not want to go home; they did not want to lose sight of him; so they followed him. Did they talk to him, and ask questions?

There was one poor creature who made bold to speak to the Son of God. He had a dreadful disease; his skin was covered with white blotches, and his limbs and joints were dreadfully swollen. Everybody avoided him, and no doctor could cure him. Was he not afraid to speak to the Lord Jesus? No. What did he say? "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." It was a piteous cry. Jesus pitied him. He put his hand on the poor man, and said, "I will; be thou clean;" and he *was* cured. The horrid disease left him in an instant, and he was strong and well as any body. "What a great physician he is!" I suppose the people cried.

Jesus was on the road to Capernaum. As he entered the city, an officer of the army ran to meet him. He approached Jesus very humbly. What did he want? I think this officer must have been a kind master, for he came to get help for his poor servant, who had the palsy. "I will go and cure him," answered Jesus. He was never too tired or too busy to attend to the cry of distress; he was so willing to do good. The officer thought it was too great an honor for Jesus to visit his house; therefore he begged him but to tell the disease to go, and it would mind him as quick as his soldiers did him. He knew Jesus could see the man, though the man could not see him. What confidence the officer had in Jesus. He was the Son of God. Jesus loves and blesses people who trust in him. He told the officer to go home, and he would find his servant well. And so he did. Happy master! Grateful servant!

Then Jesus went home with Peter. Jesus had no home. Once he said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Peter and Andrew lived together. They were brothers. There was sickness in Peter's house. His wife's mother had a great fever. They told Jesus of the poor woman's case. He went to her bedside, took her hand and lifted her up, and immediately the fever left her; nor did it leave her weak and feeble, as fevers usually leave people, for she arose directly, dressed herself, and began to get supper for them. How can we better use our strength than by ministering to Jesus and his disciples as this good mother did?

Of course the story of these wonderful cures was noised all over the city. People told it from one to the other. I suppose they ran to their sick neighbors, and cried, "A great Physician has come; go and get cured." By evening hundreds of people collected around Peter's house. Mothers came, carrying their sick children in their arms. Some were brought on beds; others hobbled on their crutches. Blind people were led. What a strange collection there was before Peter's door. How eager they were to see Jesus. "Cure *me;* cure *me!*" was everywhere the pitiful cry. Oh, what cures were wrought. The medicine was very simple, only a single word. But that word was the word of the Son of God, who is able to do what he pleases.

Do not you stand in need of his help? Have you no sickness to be cured? Yes, the disease of sin in the soul, which if not cured will make you die for ever. And he can cure wicked hearts as easily as he can cure sick bodies. You need pray but a short prayer, if you pray with all your heart, "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed."

Yes, there 's a great Physician near;
Look up, my fainting soul, and live:
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

For The Child's Paper.

"THAT 'S ENOUGH FOR ME."

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother, of one who had not; her mother was dead.

"Mother told me who to go to before she died," answered the little orphan; "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was my mother's friend, and he 's mine."

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky; he is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you."

"I do not know any thing about that," said the orphan; "all I know, *he says he will, and that's enough for me.*"

What a beautiful answer was that. And what was enough for this child, is enough for us all.

Are you tired of carrying about the heavy load of sin? "Come unto me, all ye weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." But I am not worthy of his forgiving love. Never mind that. "He says he will, and that 's enough for me." Take the Lord Jesus Christ at his word, for the forgiveness of your sins, and for peace to your soul. "My peace I give unto you," he says. Will he? Oh, his peace is very precious. Will he give us his peace? "*He says he will, and that 's enough for me.*" Trust him; his word never fails.

"Don't be frightened into religion," some say; "there is time enough yet to think of dying; besides, God is merciful; he will never cast the wicked down to hell."

Ah, you may do as you please, but as for me, I will take him at his word. "*He says he will, and that 's enough for me.*" God is angry with the wicked every day. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Let me act accordingly, and flee from the wrath to come.

BIRD TRADE.

There are twenty thousand song birds of different kinds sold yearly in the city of New York. Most of these are canaries. The bird merchants go to Europe about the first of August, and buy their stock of canaries, linnets, finches, blackbirds, and thrushes, of the Germans, who raise them for sale. They come back in September and October. The pure golden-yellow canary takes the highest price, and they are sometimes sold as high as twenty-five and fifty dollars a pair. How many homes are made happier by their cheerful notes!

"Don't forget to put my Bible in my trunk," said a poor girl who was going to the city to find work. "I can do without you, mother, but I can't do without the word of God."

That is it. Stand by your Bible, and the wickedness of a wicked city will never hurt you. The devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion, cannot face the sharp arrows of the word of God.

If we would grow in attachment to our Saviour, we must *do something* for him. Go forward then, and do good. Set your heart upon it. If you feel you have but little love to God, bring that little *into exercise*, and it will grow.

An infant class are so interested in The Child's Paper, that they have sent their contributions for the past year to supply two destitute Sabbath-schools at the West.

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